

The Athenian Mercury.

TUESDAY, June 18 1695.

We thought we could not more oblige our Readers than by Printing all together in one *Mercury*, the following *Poems*, they being all written by the ingenious *Pindarick Lady*, and printed *Verbatim*, as we receiv'd 'em from her.

To one that persuades me to leave the *Muses*.

Forego the charming *Muses*! No, in spight Of your ill-natur'd Prophecy I'll write, And for the future paint my thoughts at large, I waste no paper at the *Hundreds* charge; I rob no Neighbouring Geese of Quills, nor flink For a collection to the Church for ink: Besides my *Muse* is the most gentle thing That ever yet made an attempt to sing: I call no *Lady Punk*, nor *Gallants Pops*, Nor set the *married world* an edge for *Ropes*; Yet I'm so scurvily inclin'd to Rhiming, That undesign'd my thoughts burst out a chiming; My active *Genius* will by no means sleep, And let it then its proper channel keep. I've told you, and you may believe me too, That I must this, or greater mischief do; And let the world think me *inspir'd*, or mad, I'll surely write whilst paper's to be had; Since Heaven to me has a *Retreat assign'd*, That would inspire a less harmonious mind. All that a Poet loves, I have in view, Delightsome Hills, refreshing Shades, and pleasant Valleys too, Fair spreading Valleys cloath'd with lasting green, And Sunny Banks, with gilded streams between, Gay as *Elizium*, in a Lovers Dream, Or *Flora's* Mansion, seated by a stream, Where free from sullen cares I live at ease, Indulge my *Muse*, and wishes, as I please, Exempt from all that looks like want or strife, I smoothly glide along the *Plains of Life*. Thus Fate conspires, and what can I do to't? Besides, I'm *vehemently in love to boot*, And that there's not a *Willow Sprig* but knows, In whose sad shade I breathe my direful woes. But why for these dull Reasons do I pause, When I've at hand my genuine one, because! And that my *Muse* may take no counter Spell, I fairly bid the *Boarding Schools* farewell: No *Young Impertinent*, shall here intrude, And vex me from this blissful solitude. Spite of her heart, *Old Puss* shall damn no more Great *Sedley's Plays*, and never look 'em o're; Affront my *Novels*, no, nor in a Rage, Force *Drydens* lofty Products from the Stage, Whilst all the rest of the *melodious crew*, With the whole System of *Athenians* too, For Study's sake out of the Window flew. } But I to Church, shall fill her Train no more, And walk as if I sojourn'd by the hour. To *Stepwel* and his *Kit* I bid adieu, Fall off and on, behang'd and *Coopee* too Thy self for me, my dancing days are o're; We act th' inspired *Backbells* no more.

Eight Notes mast for another Treble look,
In *Barlesque* to make Faces by the book.
Japan, and my esteemed *Pencil* too,
And pretty *Cupid*, in the Glass adieu,
And since the dearest friends that be must part,
old Governess farewell with all my heart.
Now wellcome all ye *peaceful Shades* and *springs*,
And welcome all the *inspiring* tender things;
That please my *genius* suit, my make and years,
Unburden'd yet with all but lovers cares.

To Sir Thomas Travel.

Prompted by that great genius that inspires
Your Noble Breast with those *Eheroic* fires;
I need implore no *God*, or *muse* t' assist
My thoughts, which now can rise what height they list,
For the same Spring that your bold motions have,
Doth make me *Love and Celebrate the brave*.
And sure 'twere more then I wld to refuse
To such desert, the tribute of my muse.
To you whose breast doth circumscribe a mind,
As vast as e're humanity confin'd;
Which through your life such Glory doth convey,
That scarce your Eyes more lucent beams display,
And all you do, and all you say doth bear
A Godlike and inimitable Air.
Equipt for war, not *Mars* in *Lemian Arms*,
Blushing and Active lookt so full of *Charms*;
And should he now affirme mortallity,
He'd look, he'd move and manage all like thee.
Whilst others Charm'd with an inglorious ease;
Forget the *Royal Victim*, of their peace,
Thou as excited by a *Nobler Flame*,
Pursu'ft the *Deathless Glories of a name*;
And follow'ft, prompted by a manier blood,
Bright Honour wading through a *Crimson flood*.
May all thy *Arms* meet their just success,
And to thy *Arms* let *Charming Glory* presse;
My Muse the while *fresh Garlands* shall design,
Which round thy brows the *Queen of Love* shall twine.

Occasioned by the Report of the Queens Death.

When fate had blown among, the *Western swains*,
The *sadd'lt notes* that ever reach'd their *Plains*,
Like Thunder in my ears the sound did break;
The killing accents which I late not speak.
Les was I toucht with that *pernicious Dart*,
That peirc'd through mine to reach my *Daphnes Heart*,
From off my Head the *Florid wreath* I tore,
That I, to please the fond *Orestes*, wore;
And quite o're charg'd with Grief, upon the ground,
I sunk my *Brows*, with mournful *Cypress Crown'd*;
My trembling Hand sustain'd my drooping Head,
And at my feet my *Lyre* and *Songs* were laid;
'Twas in a *gloomy shade*, where o're and o're
I'd mourn'd my Lov'd Companions loss before;
But now I vainly strove my Thoughts t'espole,
In Numbers kind, and sensible as those,
For ah! the *Potent ills* that fill'd my Breast,
Were much too vast and black to be express!

JOHN 21. 17.

YES, thou that knowest all, doth know I love thee,
And that I set no Idol up above thee,
To thy unerring censure I appeal,
And thou that knowest all things, true canst tell,
I Love thee more than Life or Interest,
Nor hast thou any *Rival* in my Breast;
I Love thee so, that I would calmly bear
The Mocks of Fools, and bless my happy Ear,
Let me from thee but one kind whisper hear ;
I Love thee so, that for a smile of thine,
Might this, and all the brighter Worlds be mine,
I would not pause, but with a Noble Scorn,
At the unequal slighted offer spurn ;
Yes, I to Fools their trifles can resign,
Nor envy them the World, whilst thou art mine ;
I love thee as my Centre, and can find
No *Pain* but thee to stay my doubtful mind ;
Potent and trecentrould its Motions were,
Till fixt in thee its only congruous Sphere.
Urg'd with a thousand *specious Baits*, I stood,
Displeas'd, and sighing for some *distant good*,
To calm its genuine Dictates--but betwixt
Them, all remain'd suspended and unfixt.
I love thee so, as more than Death to be,
My Life, my Love, my all, depriv'd of thee :
'Tis Hell, 'tis Horror, shades and darkness then,
Till thou unveilst thy *Heavenly Face* agen ;
I Love thee so, I'd kiss the Dart should free
My *fluttering soul*, and send her up to thee ;
O wouldst thou break her Chain, with what delight
She'd spread her Wings, and bid the World goodnight
Grace for my bright conductors, would I stay,
But lead thy flaming Ministers ~~apple~~ way,
In their known passage to eternal day.
And yet the Clines of Light would not seem fair,
Unless I met my bright Redeemer there ;
Unless I saw my skinning Saviours Face,
And cop't all Heaven in his sweet embrace.

CANT. 5. 6, &c.

OH! How his *Feminist Language*, like a Dart,
Sticks to the *softest fibres* of my Heart,
Quite through my Soul the charming Accents slide,
That from his Lips inspiring Portals glide;
And whilom I the enchanting sound admire,
My melting Vitals in a Trance expire.

Oh Son of Venus, Mourn thy baffled Arts,
For I detey the proudest of thy Darts:
Uncharle I now, / thy weak Taper View,
And find no fatal influence accrue;
Nor would *faid Child* thy teachler Lamp appear,
Should my bright *Sun* deign to approach more near;
Castr'd I his Rival then pretend to prove?
You a fayre God, be the God of Love:
Rarely beyond Conception, he is all
Heaven, or Fancy amiable call,
All that men's exerte idem it can reach,
When sublimated to its utmost stretch.

Oh! altogether Charming, why in thee
Do the vain World no Form or Beauty see?
Why do they hallow a dusty clod,
And yet rende their Homage to a God?
Why from a *beautious* flowing Fountain turn,
For the Dead Puddle of a narrow *urn*?

Oh Cannal Madnes! sure we fally call
So dull a thing as Man is, rational;
Alas, my shining Love, what can there be
On Earth so splendid to out-glitter thee?
In whom the brightness of a God-head Shines,
With all its lovely and endearing Lines;
Thee with whose light Mortallity once blest,
Would throw off its dark Veil to be possest;
Then altogether Lovely, why in thee
Do the vain World no Form or Beauty see.

Advertisements.

Next Thursday, being the 20th of this instant June, will be published — *Some Remarkable Passages in the LIFE*

LONDON, Printed for John Dunton, at the Raven in Jewry-Street. 1695.

and DEATH of her late Majesty,
not hitherto made publick, as they were
delivered in a *Funeral Oration*, Pro-
nounc'd by Publick Authority, in the
Hall of the most Illustrious States, up-
on the Day of the Royal Obsequies, March
5. 1694. Done into English from the
Latin Original. Printed for John Dun-
ton at the Raven in Jewen-street, and are
also to be sold by Edm. Richardson, near
the Poultrey-Church. Price 1 s.

The new Monthly Chance, wherein
is No Blanks, for 1000*l.* Ready Money. The *Adventurer*
has an impossibility of losing all his money in this.
There will be 400 Tickets delivered out at 5*s.* per Ticket,
which amounts to 100*l.* and will be divided into 400
Lots, which are as follows,

1	at	100 l.	—	100
1	at	50 l.	—	50
2	at	30 l.	—	60
3	at	20 l.	—	60
4	at	10 l.	—	40
5	at	7 l.	—	35
12	at	5 l.	—	60
20	at	4 l.	—	80
101 at		2 l.	—	202
251 at		1 l.	5 s.	313
<hr/>				
400				1000

Whereas I have paid but 11s. for these 4 Tickets, I promise to allow 9s. more out of any Benefits that shall arise.

Note, that any Adventurer may have 4 Tickets for 11 s. giving a Receipt as above, to allow 9s. more out of the Benefits that shall arise; and so in proportion to any sum. If not drawn full, he is to receive the same sum again of the Receiver.

The Underrakers being resolved it shall be drawn quite full at the Barbadoes Coffee-koufe in Exchange-Ally, Corn-kil, have deferred the drawing till the 16th of July next, there being several large Sums already paid in, the manner of Drawing is as follows.

The books being made into 3 Columns, and all printed, the one to be cut out for the *Adventures*, and the middle margin will be Rolled up with the 10 Numbers, which make 400 Rolls, which will be put into a box, and drawn against 400 benefits in the other box; so he that hath a Number'd Ticket in that Roll, shall receive a 10th part of the benefit that shall happen to arise against it, only there will be 10 per cent. rebated for trouble and charge. The Benefits will be Printed as soon as drawn, for satisfaction of all absent; and will be given gratis by the Receivers, at the charge of the Undertakers.

Tickets and Proposals may be had at Mr. Layfield the White-horse, Lombard-street, Mr. Garrison the Hen and Chickens, Mr. Barington the Rose & Crown, Mr. Knott the 3 Golden Cocks, Cheap-side, Mr. Clement the George, Nengato-street, Mr. de Cayne without Bishopt's-gate, Captain Pits next the Crois Keys Tavern, Mr. Hickens the Unicorn over-against Grays-Inn-Gate in Holbourn, Mr. Cole over-against St. Dunstan's-Church in Fleet-street, Mr. Roberts the Green-Dragon, Mr. Bowman the Flower-de-luce near the New-Exchange the Strand, Mr. Coleman over-against the Kings Brew-house in St. Catharines, Mr. Witstock the Dial in the Minories, Goldsmiths ; Mr. Lloyd's Coffee-house, in Lombard-street, Mr. Edward Aldwin, the Barbadoes Coffee-house in Exchange-Alley, Mr. Peters in Exeter-Change in the Strand, Mr. Jonathan Millner in Popes-head-Alley near the Royal-Exchange.